Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph
Make atheists of mankind.—Dryden.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.—Shakespeare

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916. TWENTY-FIVE

With A Honolulu Boy At Plattsburg: Hiking And Fighting By 3500 Civilians

Last Lap of Month of Intensive Military Training Is Taken Up With Strenuous Work

By JOSEPH R. FARRINGTON

(Joseph R. Farrington of Honolulu is just beginning his sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin. During the summer he has been in the citizens' training-camp at Plattsburg and has written home the following interesting letter).

Altona, New York,
Plattsburg Training Camp,
September 3, 1916.

It is now just three days since we left the camp at Plattsburg on the last lap of a month of intensive military training at the Plattsburg training camp. Today we are encamped on a fifteen acre lot, the enemy has been driven back steadily ,and we rest in waiting for the advance of the morrow.

Thirty-five hundred men are encamped on the field for the night, a virtual city of dog tents. To the north the mess tents of each company are arranged in a line perpendicular to the long straight lines of khaki tents. Farther on the officers' tents are pitched. Where the eighth regiment ends, the ninth begins, arranged exactly as we are. Beyond them and to the east is the rookie cavalry. Somewhere else in similar tents rookie artillerymen are located and still elsewhere is a rookie machine gun corps. There is a stream to the north of the field from where the land rises to some farm houses to the south. A pine forest shuts off the west, and some kind of power house the east. This is how I see the camp from the front of my dog tent where I write.

It is a beautiful afternoon and a cool breeze blows, giving promise of another night like the last when there were only three men in the company whom I know of who did not shiver a good part of the night. Every one takes advantage of the sun and blankets and clothes are littered over and around the tents. There is a steady line of towel carriers passing to and from this stream at our north where we wash and bathe. Others are lying about their tents in groups, or alone, talking and laughing, but more generally, sleeping, for it is a sleepy, peaceful, afternoon. I see my squad-mates cleaning their guns, an infernal and everlasting job while we are soldiers.

Camp Followers Busy

The morning New York Times has just arrived and between newsboys and venders of chocolate bars, fruit and cigarettes, the peacefulness of our city is disturbed. There is quite a troop of camp followers who offer us all sorts of things to eat and drink for small sums at all times. There are also the photographers who make a good living off the picture crazy men of the camp. They take our pictures whenever they are worth taking and more often when they are not. The Y. M. C. A., Western Union Company, and camp exchange, follows us also, throwing up their tents in the camps. They are of much service, especially the Y. M. C. A. All night the men flock to these places, especially tents where ice cream and similar foods are sold. There the scene is like a county fair.

The Day's Work

Today has been easy. The first call did not come until 5:15 and the regiment, the eighth, did not leave camp until 8 o'clock. We advanced as guard of a supply train and were not attacked by the enemy. Consequently the morning was one of straight marching. We arrived in camp about 11 o'clock, in 30 minutes all tents were set and in another 30 minutes we were eating our dinner—a good stew and all the bread, coffee and milk we could drink.

This is the life we began on last Thursday. I quote from my record at the time:

"Aug. 31.—We left Camp Plattsburg at 12:40 this afternoon. It took us a morning to turn in our bunks, mattresses and other tent equipment, to make all ready for the march. We had the usual breakfast and calisthenics, the latter under the direction of Capt. Koehler. Both regiments were there and the response to Capt. Koehler's conscientious appeals was so good that he answered the after applause by remarking that it was the best mass drill he had ever seen. It was certainly an unusual sight, there were 3500 men there in all.

After the Enemy

"The hike began when the rookies entrained in a long string of gondolas, 'popularly known as coal cars," Capt. Beachem said. It was about 1:30 when the long line of troop filled cars pulled out. Two cars were given to each company. We set out for the north, bent on the destruction of our enemy, who had crossed from Vermont into New York and was advancing onto Plattsburg.

"The train reached Chazy at about 2:30. We disembarked quickly and in good order—just as we had embarked. It all looked very warlike. All men were fully equipped with heavy pack consisting of roll of poncho, blanket and shelter half, condiment and bacon cans, canteen and cup, eating pan and tools (knife, fork and spoon), cartridge belt and blank cartridges, bayonet and rifle.

"The enemy's cavalry attacked our advance shortly after we had landed; two machine guns were also repulsed. Following these successes, we set out for the lake (Lake Champlain), this battalion forming the support. Four miles over a dusty road brought us to the lake where we encamped. The enemy was driven back by the advance guard, making our advance to camp easy.

"Both regiments encamped in their dog tents on a green meadow next to the lake. Inside of half an hour all tents were up, then there was a rush for the mess line. We had a good but soupy dinner, there was a conference after mess in which we heard a dissertation on the cavalry.

"At 9:30 we must be in bed to sleep until 4:45 tomorrow morning, on the ground, in pup tents, and two men in a tent. Everybody is getting ready to turn in now. There is singing and talking. The field is dotted with lights, revealing the presence of this tent city. On one side of the camp is a line of tents. These are the camp followers, the Y. M. C. A., camp exchange and sundry other tent shops. There you can buy what you might have forgotten. Ice cream, chocolate, pie and such stuff is sold there to him who thinks he did not get enough for dinner.

"It is getting pretty late—a little after eight. It is pitch dark and the candle burns low. My bunkie proposes to retire. I do not know whether I can sleep while my friends about me sing their choice songs, but I guess I had better try.

"Sept. 1.—Five minutes after the first call we were called to reveille. It was about 5 o'clock. By 6:30 the regiments were on the road, the situation well in mind. We formed the support of our battalion and consequently did not come in contact with the enemy who had again advanced cavalry to stay our advance.

"Every one stood the march perfectly. The road was quite dusty, but it was overcast and cool.

"Shortly before noon we were forced to deploy to displace the enemy who had taken up a position behind farm houses and a stone wall in advantageous firing distance of the road. Upon their withdrawal we advanced through Champlain, a small town within about a mile of the Canadian border. Here we encamped. I must not forget to mention the flags and turnout which played the part of a welcome in this town.

"A meal, a swim in a nearby river, a walk into town, an hour on my rifle brought inspection, when I was told 'my gun would never do.' A short conference in which Capt. Kelly talked on the infantry was held before dinner. The major held forth in the conference after dinner explaining the problem at hand. It was dismissed in a hurry when the rain began to fall heavily; then it rained and rained hard for a short time. This gave us a taste of what was to follow, so extensive preparations were made to keep dry during the night. That night the town of Champlain was swamped by Plattsburg soldiers.

"Sept. 2.—We were rudely called out of our damp beds into a damper and chilly atmosphere at the usual time—4:45. It had rained during the night—joys of sleeping on the ground were experienced. We ate, shivered, rolled up wet packs on a wet ground and were glad to get under way again.

"The ninth pulled out at 6:30, we followed at 7; they were the enemy today. Less than a mile out of camp we met the enemy who had taken up a position behind a ridge which ran perpendicular to the road, afforded good natural protection and an excellent 'field of fire.' They met us with heavy fire; our regiment was deployed as skirmishers in a line extending 600 yards to each side of the road. Our attack lasted about 40 minutes when the enemy retreated.

"We were again attacked at a stream a couple of miles farther on. One company was forced to wade the stream in the successful attack that followed. The next four or five miles to camp was covered in quick order; tents were pitched again and the afternoon spent in getting cleaned up.

"We also got a great welcome in this town, Maers. Some young ladies took advantage of the occasion to get a barrel of apples which they threw to the men as they passed along. So eager was the response that it took the major to keep the men in ranks.

"It is cold here tonight. The breeze has gone down and the sky is clear. The northern lights are plainly seen. Every one is tired tonight and retiring early."

The hike is the high point in the training at Plattsburg. It is the climax of the first three weeks' work. What has been learned in camp is put into actual practise on the hikes. Everything is done in view of preparing us for the hike. We live under actual war conditions then, at least, as near them as the men will allow, and here we find a test of our preparedness.

The actual work of military training began the day we arrived at Plattsburg, Thursday, August 10. By noon we had been assigned tents and were learning the facing. The first week was devoted to fundamentals, the second to work on the range, the third to maneuvers and the fourth to the much heralded hike.

On the first day we were learning the facing, on the second day we learn squad movements and are introduced to our rifles. On the next day we learn to carry our light packs. The heavy packs are worn for the first time on Saturday. By the end of the first week we have spent three days on the big drill field, learned the school of the soldier, school of the squad and company movements, including open order formations, viz. advances as skirmishers. The afternoons are spent in fundamental rifle work and in the open air gallery.

Thursday of the second week saw us learning outpost work and Friday brought us our first maneuver. The following week was devoted to rifle work. Each man had ten shots at 300, 500 and 600 yard ranges and at 200 and 300 yards at rapid fire. All served in the pits or marched while not actually on the range. In this week we learned what it felt like to shoot the real shot in the real gun.

The next week was spent in marches and maneuvers. We were armed with blank cartridges each day, the problem in hand was explained beforehand and discussed afterward. The afternoons were devoted to conferences or in drill review.

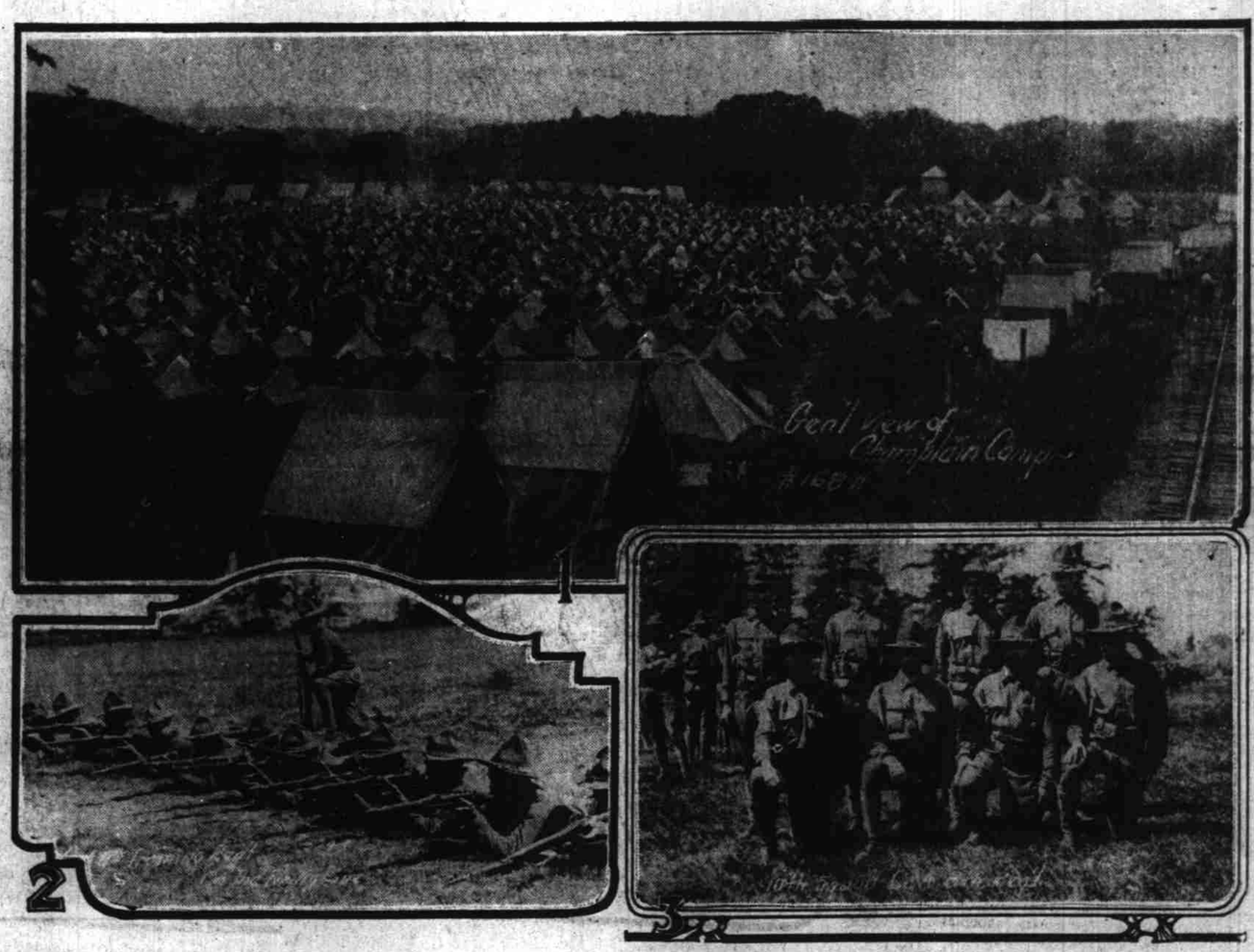
In the last week we are ready for the hike. Some drop out, but very few. Exaggerated stories of the marches, the dread of which is the heavy equipment carried, are circulated. Everybody starts in doubt resolved to stick it through. Most of them do.

Today we lost the first batch of men. It was reported that between the two regiments 75 men. Well, that is not bad for a group of over 3000.

"Rookies" Get Taste of Real Thing In "Preparedness" and Camp Life

Joseph R. Farrington Writes of Routine Carried Out With Precise Military Discipline

HARD WORK AND PLENTY OF IT AT CIVILIAN CAMP



Top picture shows the encampment the second night of the hike—Lower right: Learning to advance as skirmishers. Lower left: Shows variety of men at Plattsburg; from left to right top row a banker from Newark, N. J., a book clerk from Boston, an 18-year-old high school student. Bottom row a Harvard instructor, a mine superintendent from Pennsylvania and a physician.

Altona, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1916.

We are encamped on a ten or twelve acre field in Altona, New York, about eight miles (according to the map) from Maers where we spent the last night, and from where I sent a card. Our dog tent city is up and we have had our lunch. There is now an afternoon in which to work, clean weapons and do sundry other similar and necessary things. We eat again tonight, go to bed at 9:30 or before and by seven tomorrow morning will advance upon the enemy again.

It was really cold last night and was even colder in the morning. We froze through the night and were rudely called inta a sharp icy breeze at 5:15 for reveille. Tonight it is going to be cold, but we are prepared. We have straw to sleep on. There was a stack of straw in this field when we entered. An enterprising farmer tried to sell it for 25 cents an armful. It was the only straw and right on the premises. But the rookies set up an awful yell, brought the camera man up to take the farmer's picture and the captain to argue their cause, which resulted in the rapid sale of the straw at 10 cents instead of 25 cents. And even this under the condition that we put it back in the morning. We were lucky enough to get plenty of straw. Many did not get any, for one stack does not last long in a troop of over 3000 men.

I am bunking with Jim Sexton, a New Englander and healthy farmer's son, even a few months younger than myself. He and I get along very well together. The remainder of the squad remains intact although two of them were in the hospital with tonsilitis and a sore leg, respectively. We agree perfectly and have become well acquainted. So it is in the whole company. The company spirit is binding, somewhat fraternal; most every one is very agreeable and fortunately the men in the camp are of a superior class for the greater part. There are all sorts of college men in Plattsburg and it is very interesting to talk to them. I find that all men are about the same after all whether they are from Virginia or Arizona.

UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATIONS AT HARVARD THROB WITH STUDENT LIFE

Five Distinct Papers Cater Each to Its Field, With Credit to All

By J. P. MORGAN, Secretary-Treasurer the Harvard Club of Hawaii

PART II.

A paper yo[u]nger but equally as energetic, is the "Harvard Illustrated Magazine." This publication was first issued in 1899, by seven young men, "gifted with divine urge," who were fully aware of the great field open to an active illustrated paper dealing with timely subjects of interest to everyone in the university. In time it took as its motto "The College Magazine of National Appeal." It spread its subscription list from Japan to Germany. Its advertisements held the cards of hotels in Holland and in Paris and even a half-page from the office of the famous London "Punch." It has attempted to introduce into its system the orderly methods of business houses, and its success has given it the topmost place in numbers, size of copy and body of advertisements over all other undergraduate publications in America. The struggle to attain this position was a hard one, however, and many a business manager had to dig up the greater part of the printer's bill from his own pocket. In one case the editors could not afford coal for the sanctum fire and sat around the stove discussing plans for a winter number while candidates fed bundles of back numbers into the flames. One manager put up a sign over his desk for the inspiration of business candidates, "Venerate the Magazine's dollar, bend the knee to its dime, prostrate yourself before its nickel and—get another ad." Another editor wrote home, "If I were as lean as the 'Illustrated' is now, I should be able to hide behind a rainbow."

Hans von Kaltenborn, now on the staff of the Brooklyn Eagle; Leavitt Parsons, a stock broker of Boston; Forrest Cooke, one of the masters of Thatcher School in Southern California, and Stanley Withe, advertising agent for the DuPont Powder Company, are some of the young men who have raised the "Illustrated" to its present strong position.

5.

There is one little story that is characteristic of the energy of the men who run the "Illustrated." It was the day of the Yale-Harvard football game. Great streams of people were hurrying down Boylston street to the stadium. Newsboys ran hither and yon, selling copies of the "Illustrated," which had issued a special football number. Down the street came the editor-in-chief walking with two young ladies and his room-mate. A newsboy came strolling along calling rather sleepily, "'Arvard 'Lustrated—all 'bout th' game!"

"Here," said the editor, seizing the boy's papers; "that isn't the way to sell things! More life, more pep; dance on your toes, attract attention, persist in selling to a man once you get his eye. Tell him what is in the paper; stir his curiosity, and don't give up. Now, watch me."

He ran across the street where he saw five of his friends walking down to the game. He hunched up his coat collar, put on a nasal accent and addressed them with many fantastic gestures:

"Gentlemen—the magazine of the century! Find your quarters while I tell you its wonders. Alive from engine to caboose, maggoty with ferment, squirming with action, ablaze with pictures. Look at the photographs, recognize the players, learn their ages, weights and the names of their sweethearts. Take the copy home to remember Yale's defeat! Use it to sit upon, use it to wave with, use it to slap your neighbor on the back with, use it for a megaphone, use it for confetti, read it, gloat over it, quote it, send it to your mother, a memento of your college days and—all for a quarter."

The little newsboy looked on in dismay as the five men (evidently discerning the plot) produced their money in silence and strode off with their copies.

"There," said the editor, "do that and you'll be a stock broker, a lawyer or a circus shouter when you grow up!" But the poor boy faded away in the crowd, doubtless wondering what in the world it all meant.

4.

The literary paper of the University is the "Monthly," which has been aptly called the "Atlantic Monthly of Harvard." It endeavors to preserve the best expression of undergraduate thought. Each number contains several good stories, possibly an essay and three or four poems. The first edition appeared in 1894. When Norman Hapgood, now editor of Harper's Weekly, and William Vaughan Moody, author of the "Great Divide," were on the "Monthly" board, the Laodicean Club was formed in which they were leading spirits. The club was named after the Laodiceans, a Greek people of Asia Minor, who were noted for their lackadaisical indifference. "Indifference" was the motto of the club and once the secretary was expelled because he took the trouble to send out notices of a meeting. Paul Mariett, one of the cleverest young men who ever edited the "Monthly," wrote these lines just a little time before he himself was carried to his untimely grave:

"The grateful dead, they say, lie snug and close
Under the smooth, soft sloping of the grass,
Grateful indeed because above them pass
No other steps than those of wind or bird,
No other sound is heard."

The "Advocate" was organized in 1866, after the suppression of its predecessor, the "Collegian." The "Collegian" took as its motto: "Dulce Est Periculum" (sweet is danger). But the editors enjoyed their motto too much, and set into such railings against the faculty that after three numbers had come out the paper disappeared. Then the "Advocate," edited by practically the same men, rose up with a new motto, "Veritas nihil veretur" (truth fears nothing), and a changed demeanor. It publishes light literature—the work, "Lampy" would tell you, of "rosy fingered dilettantes"—and, as others say, the verse and stories rejected by the "Monthly." The candidates are warned against writing "empty words about diaphanous nebulosities," and are told to "avoid commonplace verse on the subject of love." Protests, suggestions, intellectual fire-brands—they are the meat of the "Advocate." When a candidate has had six contributions accepted his name comes up before the board for election, and unless some personal reason renders him objectionable, he is usually elected.

5.

When the great python of war began to gorge itself upon the bloodshed in Europe, the college papers decided to keep their pages free from all direct reference to the issues at stake. But that decision was by no means unanimous, for many of the undergraduates felt that silence at such a time was only cant. They felt that no subject should be put beyond the pale of discussion—neither death, nor love; neither the pell-mell carnage of physical bodies nor the ghastly breakdown of all the moral and spiritual structures of our civilization. In protest, then, the following appeal was sent to the editor of one of the serious papers, and it probably expresses pretty well the desire for that breadth and beam of intellectual apprehension which is characteristic of American undergraduates:

"To the Editor of the Harvard Illustrated Magazine: It has been in my mind for some time to ask you why you gentlemen who control the undergraduate press at Harvard persist in your silence on all matters relating to the great war. It seems unaccountable that two thousand keen and enthusiastic youths should have no interest in this world struggle, and it seems equally impossible that they should not be able to reflect on that mighty turmoil without dangerous heat or ineffective conclusions. I know that President Wilson has asked the nation to strive after an ideal of neutrality, but he could hardly have expected us to give up all individual study of the causes, all comment on the conduct, and all speculation on the results of a revolution so desolating.

"I do not mean to intimate that you should be divided into camps and label yourselves as violent "Hoch der Kaiser!" shouters or rabid idolaters of the high promise of Lord Kitchener. That would be but a refutation of your search for truth. But I should like to see you urging your readers to make use of their opportunities as they sit beside the springs of learning, to gaze into history for the reasons and into philosophy for the motives that have goaded the nations of Europe to thoughts of blood and deeds of iron. Those men who are taking courses in history, in economics or in government, who find their studies leading them to the very heart of causes whence spring the present manifestations of violence, are in an unusual position to weigh and to express judgment upon the war. And again, where is the verse that should be born of strife—the ringing words of denunciation, of pathos, of glorification that rise above nations, above neutrality and stir all men from Berlin to Bangkok? Why do you let this potential egg of energy lie unhatched upon the door-mat? Why do you deliberately muzzle your lips in the face of lawful meat? Why do you willingly pour hebenon into your brain at a moment when you should all be alive to a great human, international interest and sympathy?

"Mind me, I do not urge you to rashly uttered arraignments. Perhaps there is no one who is able today to separate all the truth from the mass of tangled fabrication and say in final authority that one side is right and the other wrong. It would seem that any attempt to do this would be vain at a time when we possess such scanty surety and such doubtful verifi[cation]. Yet there is much to be pondered over, much to be told. Are you going to lie down in Pompeii while Vesuvius vomits her fury?

"I write purposely in a spirit of bombast and high-flung verbiage, because for the moment it seems that you are all benumbed with a strange reserve, caution and calmness that ill-befit the tempest. Can you not, in the name of red-blooded youth, shout your enthusiasms with the abandon of Cyrano de Bergerac! A Junior."

6.

Many papers besides these have flickered for a few weak issues and then gone out to join the numbers of other "dephlogisticated ideas." Perhaps no scheme better illustrates this than the career of the "Gadfly." A group of young fellows who were moved by the inward urges of socialism, decided to start a publication that should "bite the fat horse of public opinion into a gallop." Their plans included all sorts of reforms, from uniforms for the goodies (old women who take care of the dormitories) to a student council to control the University! But somehow the authorities learned of these high schemes and they swatted the poor "Gadfly" before he began to buzz. The private pronunciamento read as follows: "Fellow citizens of Eutopia—silence. We stand on a peak in Darien. The world of the Future lies before us. Are we ready? Are we prepared to forsake the fat and slothful peace of Today for the hard-muscled war of Tomorrow? Are your arms steeled to the task of sweeping Poverty into the Ocean, of thrusting disease back into Pandora's Box, of driving crime once more into

(Continued on page 32)